

A small account of the life of FREDRICK GILES of Heber City,
Provo Valley, Wasatch Co. Utah.

By--Fredrick Giles--1896.

1835

Frederick Giles son of William and Sarah Huskinson. I was born March 3rd at Sterrley, Nottinghamshire, Old England. My Father was a brick maker by trade--and the foreman. When I was about four years old we moved to a town by the name of Broxhome, Lincolnshire. While moving to Broxhome while traveling up the river to Saxelby I fell into the river and would have been drowned if my sister Elizabeth had not been there and pulled me out of the water. We arrived safe at our new home at Broxhome.

About this time I had a severe sickness. While I was sick the Church Minister was very kind to me. He was the Minister of the Church of England and a Minister of the Church of Christ. I went to the Sunday School where the Minister Mr. Otter Youst preached, this was the first Sunday School I had ever attended. I also went to a day school and this was the first day school I ever went to. We lived at Broxhome about four years. The clay giving out in the brick yard for which my father was foreman.

We moved to Lincoln so my father could work at another brick-yard. He was also foreman at the brick yard at Lincoln. When I was nine years old I had to work to carry bricks for the Brick-Maker, the moulder that I carried the bricks for, it was my brother George. He was to make three thousand a day, it was hard to carry 3000 bricks per day one at a time. While living there I had another sick spell. We lived at Lincoln about eight years--I attended the Baptist Church and Sunday School. John Ward was the Deacon and the Male teacher of the S. School.

While living at Lincoln I heard an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints preach, his name was Joseph E. Taylor now one of the leading men of Salt Lake City--an undertaker. When the Baptist Sunday School closed about half past three o'clock I used to go to the Saints Meeting for I liked so much to go to their meetings. My Father, Mother and my brother Thomas (became Patriarch of Wasatch County) also my brother John of (Provo) and my sister Mary joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

After living at Lincoln about eight years my Father and family moved to Gringley on the hill (I should have said about 1/2 mile from Gringley). We lived at Gringley about three years. My Father was foreman of the Gringley Brick Yard. While living at Gringley I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized by John B. Kilner also confirmed by him the same night.

After living at Gringley about three years my Father had his house-hold goods sold and prepared to come to America. I had a brother and sister in America, they had come eight years before we left for America. We received a telegram from Liverpool to be there on a certain day to prepare to sail. My Father and Mother were visiting some of their friends. We had to telegraph back to Liverpool to let them know whether we could go or not. We telegraphed back and told them "Yes!" Brother Thomas wrote three letters to different places to Father and Mother hoping one of the letters would reach them. One of the letters did reach them but it was too late for them to reach the ship before it started out of the dock. When we started out of the dock we felt sorry that Father and Mother was not with us. The ship Old England moved out to sea and then cast anchor. The afternoon was high gone when we saw a dark speck on the water, we watched it as it came toward the ship. After awhile we saw it was a small boat and to our joy we saw Father and Mother in it. The small boat soon came on board side of the ship and Father and Mother soon got on board the ship. We set sail next morning, being tugged out further into the sea. The steam tug left the ship. We had a very rough time in the rough channel.

Mar 1896

Given to RRG Green by
Ralph F. Giles

The first day the tug boat left us the sea was very smooth but it did not stay smooth for very long. Before the sea became rough we were very happy thinking we would soon be in Zion. If I remember right there was about forty Saints on board. There was also some Gentiles, or I should say, those that did not believe in the Gospel of Christ as the Latter Day Saints did. While crossing the sea we saw a great many fish, names of a few of them was the pospers pig, the dolphin and the flying fish, the shark and many others. We were sailing to New Orleans. We sailed by the "hole in the wall". At one time we were sailing nicely to all appearances but night was approaching and the Captain gave orders that the ship be turned around and go into the open sea. Next morning when daylight did appear we saw a ship quite a long way off, the Captain said she was on ground. There was a great many little mountains or rocks sticking above the surface of the water. They called them little isostasi's, it was a dangerous place for a ship to be. I remember one night when there was a storm either a big wave or something else struck the ship, which made the ship shake from one end to the other. Some of the passengers jumped out of their berths or beds but I stayed in my bunk and did not get up, but one man by the name of Davis jumped out of bed, gathered his clothes the best he could and wanted to know where the life boat was. Through all the storms that we had to go through the Lord brought us safe to New Orleans. It took us 53 days from the time we left Liverpool until we landed in New Orleans.

We stayed at New Orleans a few days and then took passage on a steamboat to go up the Mississippi River. We traveled up the river till within a few miles of Saint Louis and then we were quarantined on the island with the rest of the Saints. We stayed there a few days and then we were taken to St. Louis. There we met my sister Elizabeth (Rasband). She had been in America about eight years. We went with her to her home in the country, a little way from Quincy, Ill. We stayed there a short time and then moved to Burlington Iowa where my brother George lived, he also came to America about eight years ago at the time my sister Elizabeth came. We lived at Burlington over a year. Some time while living there I worked in a Brick-yard and some of the time in a foundry.

While living there my Father was taken very sick, but through the blessings of the Lord he was healed. My Father was ordained an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints while living at Burlington. I was ordained a Teacher in the same church.

In the Spring of 1854 we left Council Bluffs, there was no se emigration from there to Salt Lake City that year, so we were counseled to stay at Council Bluffs. We did so. And in the Spring of 1856 we started to go to Salt Lake City. A distance of 1030 miles over the plains and the Mountains. The Company we crossed the plains had about 40 Or 50 wagons. The name of the Company was Phylean Merrial and he was the Captain.

We had not traveled very far on the plains before there was a stampede with the cattle. That detained our company for about four days. We lost two cows which we never saw again. Also the Company lost some oxen which they never found. After hunting two or three days the Company moved on. We traveled on the North side of the Platte River and never crossed the Platte River once. One person in the Company died during the crossing.

There were hundreds of buffalo to be seen then for the railroad was not being built at this time. When I crossed the plains---that was in the year 1856---things have changed since then.

It took seven weeks to cross the plains---but now they can cross in a few days. Quite a contrast---if I was to cross the plains now it would be a miracle to see even one buffalo---the year is now 1896.

When within 100 miles of Salt Lake City I was taken sick with Mountain fever and was sick about ten weeks. The roads were very rough through the mountains. It took careful driving so that we did not break our wagons. We drove through Echo Canyon and down the Canyon following the Weber River for about one mile then south west across the hills.

We crossed Canyon Creek 13 or 14 times and then came to the big mountain. We traveled up the big mountain when we started to go down we had to have the wheels locked, for it was very steep to go down. When we had gone a little way down one of the company had his wagon broken. We traveled down the canyon until we came to the foot of Little Mountain and camped for the night. The next morning we yoked up the oxen and hitched onto the wagon, but we had to double up going up the Mountain as it was very steep. We had to double teams to get the wagons to the top. We had to put four yoke of oxen on, that is to say, where it had only taken two yoke of oxen to pull each wagon. When we got to the top we could look down into the valley below. When we were ready to start down the mountain we had to lock the wagon wheels to get down safely. We then commenced to go down Emigration Canyon. Getting to the mouth of the Canyon to our joy we could see the great valley of Salt Lake and a few more hours brought us to the city of the Saints.

We arrived in Salt Lake City Aug. 19, 1856. That being the year the hand cart company crossed the plains. They had a very hard time it being late when they started from Florence, Nebraska, this being the city the emigrations started from this season, so that made the hand cart company very late getting into Salt Lake.

We stayed at Salt Lake City a little while and then moved to Provo City, and stayed sometime with John B. Milner (missionary in England) the man that baptised me in Old England. When we got to Provo wheat and flour was very scarce. It was so scarce it was hard work to get it even with money. What made it so scarce was the grasshoppers had eaten most of the Saints crops. We sowed some wheat the next Spring but the grasshoppers ate most of it.

As I said before I was taken sick before we got to Salt Lake City. I was taken sick when we were at Fort Bridger or soon after we crossed the Green River. I was sick 10 weeks. My mother died in about one year after we came into the Provo City and was buried in the Provo City Cemetery. Three of my sister's got married at Provo City. Mary to John Crook. Emily (Emily) to James Carlisle, Kezia to Charles W. Carroll. I remained single until the year Jan. 19, 1859--I then married a young woman that crossed the plains in the handcart company. She helped pull a handcart across the plains. When she got to Utah she walked rather crooked for a little while after she got to Zion. Her name was Mary Ann Moulton. She was the daughter of Thomas and Sarah Moulton, they emigrated from England. They were faithful Latter Day Saints to the day of their deaths.

I was married Jan. 19, 1859 and in the year 1860 our first son was born. While living at Provo I was called to be a block teacher, while at Provo I was ordained to the office of a seventy, it was the 52nd quorum of Seventys.

While living at Provo City there was a valley north east of Provo called Provo River Valley. The Provo River running through the valley. This valley was settled in the year 1859. A great many of the first settlers came from Provo. About that time they commenced to build a road through the Canyon. When the road was made Johnson's Army was called from Utah and they left camp Floyd and went through Provo Canyon and through Provo Valley. I helped to make the canyon road. The people of Provo made the road in the canyon to the South Fork, the people of Wasatch Co. made the road down the canyon to South Fork.

I lived at Provo for four years then went to live in Provo Valley in the Fall of 1860. I moved my wife and son up to the valley. I lived on the north side of the Fort. The reason we had to build in the Fort was to defend ourselves from the Indians--in about two long years I moved my log house to a city lot.

A few years later the Indians became very troublesome and the people had to move into Heber. The Indians used to steal our horses and cattle, we had to guard them day and night. I have been guard as long as a week at a time. We had our men act as pickets in the mountains as well as our men guardin in the city--and during all this time the Indians would come into the city and steal our precious cattle and horses. I remember them coming to the edge of town and taking some cattle from Bro. Hindley's corral. They took them all except one and the only reason they left that one it had a bell on. I remember they came into town to steal and they did so but two or three of them were caught and the Indians were made prisoners and then we had the task of guarding them. We sent one of the Indians with the brethren after the Indians that had taken the animals, knowing that the Indians we sent with the brethren knew which way they had gone. They followed their tracks to the mountains south of the settlement, when they could not find their tracks they made the Indian help them. When they got to the top of the mountain they followed down a ridge to the river and then crossed the river, then pursued their journey west over the mountains until they arrived at Am. Fork Canyon following the Indian trail all of the way. When they got through Am. Fork canyon they still continued west through Utah County until they came to the Jordan River bridge. Then again with their Indian prisoner they headed home having caught the Indians that had stolen the cattle. When they arrived home a meeting was held, the Indians were warned and then let go.

I must again return to the time I lived in Provo City, while living there a company of militia was called to go to meet Johnson's Army (which was sent by the Am. Government to Utah to kill the Mormon people and hang in leaders of the Latter Day Saints. But their intentions was very disappointing for the Lord had a Prophet to lead His people. Our ~~old~~ Prophet Brigham Young. All came out right without firing a shot at them. The followers of the Army did not get into Salt Lake that Fall, for the Lord designed that they would not enter the City until later. (Therefore it taught them a lesson that they could not come into these mountains and kill off the Saints and their leaders. In the Spring arrangements was made that they could come in --and they passed through the settlements without molesting them--making their camp at Cedar Valley. It was Camp Floyd at the time the army came in--the army brought many things the Saints needed such as ploughs and wagons--they stayed at Cedar Valley until they were called from Utah. When the Army left Utah they used the new road that had just been completed through Provo Canyon, it being the nearest road to their exit.

People from Salt Lake and some north of Salt Lake began moving to the south, to different settlements in Utah County. After peace was restored the people of Salt Lake and the northern settlements again went to their homes. (Every home and all cattle and horses, oxen, etc. were moved away so the army could not ravish them again). Before the Saints moved back to their homes Pres. Brigham Young started building a road up Provo Canyon--and I have told you how the road was completed.

I will now return to Provo Valley (Heber) in the year 1862--we had another son John T. we called him. In the year 1864 our daughter Sarah was born. In the year 1868 my wife died of consumption.

Provo Valley was first settled in the year 1859, quite a number of my relatives came to Provo Valley in this year. I also took up some land and came into the valley the same year, I started making fences and preparing to bring my wife and child. In the winter of 1859 Father Moulton my father Law and I walked from Provo City--

into the Provo Valley a distance of about 27 miles, it was a hard day's walk and I walked with clogs on my feet. After visiting our friends and the good people there we returned home again. When I first visited Heber there was not one house in the entire valley--quite a difference between the year 1859 and the year 1896. I have lived in Heber since 1860.

I again married a young woman by the name of Mariah Sharp, daughter of Johathan and Elizabeth Sharp. Emigrants from England. It was the 8th of March 1866 when we were married. And in the year 1870 our daughter was born Feb. 24, 1870. Mary Ann Cummings. My wife Mariah had three sons and three daughters six in all. Our son Lorenzo died in the year 1881 and in the year 1890 my wife Mariah died. My wife, my step-mother and my Father died with only 2 weeks between each other's death.

After my wife Mariah died leaving five small children--I looked around to see if I could find another companion. I found a woman by the name of Hannah Roberts. I again married the young lady she was the daughter of John and Priscilla Roberts. She immigrated from England. She had a son born in the year 1891, and in the year 1894 daughter Celia was born.

I have been a teacher in the church since I was ordained to the Priesthood at Burlington, Iowa until Bishop Clegg's death --about 40 years.

Heber-Oct. 13, 1896 97-- While dehorning cattle a steer ran at me and knocked me down and broke my left arm just below the shoulder. Also I received severe injuries inwardly for which I have been ill for a long time. It happened about 3 o'clock Tuesday after-noon. April 24th 1897 I fell down and hurt my arm again.

I have lived in Provo Valley from the year 1890 until 1897 and I must say that I never saw as good a summer for rain and such a little frost as this summer. Since I have lived here I have raised fruit, pears, apples and plums also corn and all vegetables.

1900-- Thursday afternoon Sept. 27th about 3 o'clock a very heavy clap of thunder. The storm was from the East, this was the only clap to be heard. Heavy hail--it lay $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the north fields and was like ice. Thousands drown in Texas by a tidal wave.

This is the first time I saw an engine and cars in Heber (Provo Valley) about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Heber--first engine in the valley Sept. 19, 1899.

Sept. 21, 1899 the engine with the cars arrived in Heber. I saw them when they first arrived. Now the prophesy is fulfilled that Bro. Pratt made.

The first excursion from Provo to Heber on the railroad. It arrived at Heber about 3 o'clock p.m. went back at 10 p.m. Sept. 29, 1899.

March 3rd, 1899 I, Frederick Giles, saw an apple tree in blossom on the 3rd day of Mar. 20 minutes to one o'clock in the morning. The apple tree being my own, in my own yard. I am 64 years old to-day. The name of the apple tree is the Bismark. How is that, for the ground was covered with two feet of snow? Written by my own hand

Frederick Giles.

Heber, Utah.

Wasatch County.